The

THOREAU SOCIETY BULLETIN

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BULLETIN EIGHTY

SUMMER, 1962

THE 1962 ANNUAL MEETING

We are indebted to the CONCORD JOURNALS of July 19 and 26, 1962 for the following interesting report of the annual meeting and the papers read there:

THOREAU SOCIETY ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of The Thoreau Society was held on July 14 at the First Parish Meetinghouse. About 250 people attended the morning sessions, coming from the eastern parts of the United States and from Canada. Every room in the Inn was taken and several guests were entertained privately. Mrs. Warren Wright opened her house at Fairhaven Bay for the president of the society and two past presidents. Mrs. Herbert Buttrick Hosmer entertained the officers at dinner on Friday evening and all the members who stayed over for the evening meeting on Saturday were invited to Fairhaven Bay for a picnic supper by Mrs. Caleb Wheeler.

The guests were offered coffee at 9:30 in the vestry by an informal group including Mrs. John Clarkson, Mrs. Robert Bowser and Mrs. Laurence Richardson.

A full program was planned for the afternoon when tape recordings were played of the Centenary celebration in New York City on May 5 which was held at the Pierpont Morgan Library. The Library's booklet was presented to the members present. Printed at the Yale University Press and called "A Sprig of Andromeda", the booklet reproduced a letter from Louisa May Alcott to Sophia Foord describing Henry Thoreau's funeral in 1862. The letter is owned by John S. Coonley of New York City, who wrote the introduction. Another special publication was the gift of C. Waller Barrett and contained the text of a hitherto unpublished poem by Thoreau, SIC VITA. The Concord Library has one of the numbered copies printed by hand on hand-made paper.

Another gift came from Prof. Kenneth Cameron of Trinity College and was a reprint of John Burroughs' article on Thoreau, originally written in 1882.

Prof. Lewis Leary, head of the department of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia, president of the Society and chairman of its Centenary Celebration committee, opened the business meeting and presented the report of his committee. Operating on contributions of about $780 and with the hospitality of the Morgan Library and the Community Church of New York, the committee has returned more than $425 to the Society's treasury.

A resolution of sympathy was passed for the relatives of Dr. Fred S. Piper, founder and first vice-president of the Society.

Theodore L. Bailey, of Cleveland, incoming president, who was appointed last year to cooperate with the Hall of Fame, reported on his efforts which collected $4130 toward the cost of the Thoreau bust, pedestal and plaque which was about $4300. The Hall of Fame incurred other expenses for the dedication ceremonies, etc. for which the Society was in no way responsible and the members passed a resolution detailing the original society vote and its limited responsibility. The Hall of Fame had commissioned the bust by Malvina Hoffman and planned the dedication on May 6 without consultation with Mr. Bailey's committee.

Mrs. Edmund Fenn made a moving report on the Concord celebration, an informal walk to Sleepy Hollow to place flowers on Thoreau's grave, which was so perfectly in keeping with the simplicity of Thoreau himself that it was photographed and sent by AP throughout the country.

The president also reported the publication of a Thoreau number of the Massachusetts Review, published at Amherst by the State University and a de luxe volume of color photographs linked with quotations from Thoreau, to be published by the Sierra Club cf 25 West 45th st., New York City. A new edition of Thoreau's Journals has been announced by Dover - a paperback publisher - which will cost a third of the Houghton Mifflin edition which has been out of print for some years.

The Society voted to present to the Concord Free Public Library microfilms of Thoreau manuscripts in the great collections (at the Morgan, Huntington, and University of Virginia and other libraries) and request microfilms from private owners so that Concord may have complete source materials for scholars.

The afternoon plans were carried out in pleasant, cool weather. Many stayed at the church to hear tape recordings of the New York Centenary addresses. Others walked in the Estabrook woods under Mrs. Mary Sherwood's guidance, or at Walden with Mr. Bussewitz, or drove to see the Thoreau sites in Concord with Mrs. Caleb Wheeler. Many took Mrs. Edmund Fenn's trip to Fairhaven Hill and the Bay where, after supper, the cars returned to the church to hear a program on Thoreau's excursions planned by Prof. VanBurd. Sidney Poger presented a scholarly paper on Thoreau's method of basing his philosophy on realism, going from actual observation of nature to reflections on its meaning.

Mrs. Mary Sherwood spoke of the animals and birds seen by Thoreau in the Maine woods, objecting vehemently to one critic's remarks that Thoreau did not know birds. She made it plain why Thoreau might have confused three species of woodpecker or failed to know his ducks, but understandably, because of the lack of bird books and good glasses. Mrs. Sherwood's genial enthusiasm brought chuckles from every side, although some skeptics doubted her statement that the real woodsman could hear earthworms on a woodland path at night.

The meeting closed with a few of Mrs. Leslie Anderson's beautiful slides of views from Wachusett.

THE THOREAU SOCIETY PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

BY Prof. Lewis Leary, Columbia University; head of the department of English and Comparative Literature

During this centenary year so much has been said, and so well said, about Thoreau, his life and his death and, particularly, about his achievement as a humane man of letters, a guide, and a continuing inspiration, that it seems presumptuous to attempt more. We have remembered Thoreau on the one hundredth anniversary of his death, in New York, a city which he did not like and in ceremonies some of which we think he would not have approved; and we remembered him more simply and appropriately in Concord. The President of the United States sent us testimonial greetings, joining Thoreauvians from all over the world-from France, Australia, Brazil Norway, and Japan - in remebering with gratitude one of America's most consistently compelling and living voices.

A few days later, the American Literary Society of Japan dedicated a memorial day to Thoreau in Tokyo; and shortly after that, in the lovely, unspoiled natural setting of Dumbarton Oaks Park in Washington, Secretary Udall of the Department of the Interior joined with Chief Justice Warren and Mr. Justice Douglas in ceremonies presided over by Howard Zahniser of the Wilderness Society, and the Thoreau Society as well, and these ceremonies were attended by a small galaxy of important people-conservationists, members of the Sierra Club and the Audubon Society, men of letters diplomats, and poets such as Robert Frost, who spoke so movingly, and Louis Untermeyer, Allan Tate, and, appropriately, Robert Lowell.

Western Thoreauvians remembered him also, in Utah, far from Concord, but to which Concord provided representation. Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota-the state to which Thoreau made his last excursion the year before he died-read resoltuions about Thoreau into the Congressional Record. Private presses and fine printers have turned out a dozen or more memorial items, beautiful exemplars of typographic art. A picture book about Thoreau and the people he knew and the scenes he loved will be issued during this centennial year, as will the scholarly variorum edition of Walden to which we have all looked forward. Thoreau's death one hundred years ago has been well remembered, all through this land, over all the world, most effectively here, where he was born and died. His bust is in the Hall of Fame, with the plaque beneath it re-

minding every visitor that "There is more day to dawn."

Because of so much commemoration, some suggested that we need not hold summer meeting in Concord this year; but the suggestion was put forth timidly, and was shouted down at once, for remembering Walden and its theme of rebirth and reawakening--"There is more day to dawn"--this summer meeting is dedicated, not to memorializing something which is past nor to commemorating the centenary of a death, but to recollection that July 12--two days ago--is the birthday of Henry David Thoreau, and that we meet here on this anniversary weekend for the refreshment of reawakening to the challenge and the wisdom which he continues to present. We meet today, then, for no funeral remembering, but as a birthday party, recalling that Thoreau intended no "ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning," if only to wake us, his neighbors up.

With so much having been said, and so expertly and subtly said, during these centennial months, it has seemed appropriate that we devote this birthday celebration today to recalling simple things--Thoreau's love and understanding of nature, his aspiration toward wildness, and his concern about the importance to man of the wilderness. For this reason, we have planned walks this afternoon which will allow us to follow, even with less accustomed legs and less well honed perception, some of the trails which in a real as well as a figurative sense Thoreau blazed for us. Tonight we shall be led toward discussion of The Maine Woods, which details Thoreau's three adventurings toward wildness, and has much to say about the comfort he found in briefer excursions which began and ended at the back door of Concord. When I have stopped talking this morning, Howard Zahniser will take us on a excursion of his own through Thoreau's attitudes toward and his convictions about the wilderness. Our theme today is wildness. We are sharing in a wild party, and I think Thoreau would have liked that.

Before I do stop talking, perhaps it will be useful for us to refresh our minds together about some of the simpler details of the book about The Maine Woods, in preparation for the more revealing things which each of us will find to say about it in our discussion tonight. It tells, we remember, of three visits: one in the late summer of 1846, while Thoreau was officially in residence beside Walden pond; the second, in the late summer of 1853, not many months before the book Walden was printed; and the third, in the summer of 1857, when Thoreau was better known as a writer, and when he was filling notebooks with materials which he hoped would shape themselves into new books, about Concord, or the seasons, or the Indian.

Just what Thoreau meant by wildness has never been satisfyingly explained. "I wish to say a word for...absolute freedom and wildness. Dullness is but another name for tameness," "There is in my nature," he confessed in A Week, "a singular yearning toward all wildness," and he promised "the savager and more primitive aspects of nature" of which Homer and Ossian have sung, and all the others who have made those books which are the bibles of mankind.

Thoreau was, as John Burroughs once said, the wildest man ever turned out by New England. He was never tamed. He is never tame. Sometimes we suspect that by wildness he meant the free-swinging association of thought and unfettered expression which is so characteristic of other poets entrapped or entranced within the context of the romantic movement, in this country, or in Europe. But we suspect also that he meant wildness to signify the elusiveness of untamed thought which may dart away as man approaches it. Norman Foerster (in Nature in American Literature) has written persuasively of Thoreau's wildness, but he makes it a limited thing, not quite central. John Burroughs finds it s final expression in Thoreau's increasing interest in the American Indian, mistaking, I think, a means for the end. But it was more than that, more central, more pervasive. Thoreau found wildness in and about Concord; he found it in himself; he sought it in what he wrote, and in the books he liked best to read--not domesticated novels, but bibles of mankind.

He examined it and tested it in his three excursions to Maine. Each visit to the wilderness there was different from the others. Each was recorded in its different, appropriate tone, so that there is a progression of discovery in his accounts of the three excursions which seems to me to make The Maine Woods, as a book, remarkably adroit in organization. It lacks the structural intricacy of A Week or Walden -- perhaps because Thoreau never really finished it. The third of the essays seems less completed than those which precede it--perhaps, some suggest, that was Ellery Channing's fault. But, even unfinished--if it is unfinished -- The Maine Woods moves majestically toward meaning.

Let me explain briefly what I mean. Everyone knows that on that first visit, fresh from a year of quiet living beside Walden Pond, Thoreau was repelled, even terrified by the stark wildness of Ktaadn. Amid "grim, untrodden wilderness, whose labyrinths of living, fallen, and decaying trees, only the deer and moose, the bear and wolf, can easily penetrate," where "the only roads are of Nature's making"--here wildness is stark and menacing: "one could no longer accuse institutions and society, but must front the true source of evil."

The bare top of the mountain seemed "the raw materials of a planet": "It reminded me of the creations of the old epic and dramatic poets, of Atlas, Vulcan, the Cyclops, and Prometheus. Such was Caucasus and the rock where Prometheus was bound. It was vast, Titanic, and such as man never inhabits." It was waste land, like that in Melville's sterile Encantadas: "This was that earth of which we had heard, made out of chaos and old night. Here was no man's garden, but the unhanseled globe.. Man was not associated with it... There was clearly felt the presence of a force not bound to be kind to men." Unenlivened matter, the world as God saw fit to make it in the beginning--"What is this Titan that has possession of me? Talk of mysteries! Think of our life in nature ... the solid earth! the actual world! .. Who are we? Where are we?" Lost amid immensities.

On the second trip to Maine seven years later, Thoreau found something of an answer, as this time he avoids mountaintops (except as seen at a distance). "For a permanent residence, it seemed to me there could be no comparison between Concord and the wilderness, necessary as the latter is for a resource and a background, the raw material of all our civilization. The wilderness is simple almost to barrenness. The partially cultivated country it is which chiefly has inspired, and will continue to inspire, the strains of poets... Perhaps our own woods and fields,--in the best wooded towns, where we need not quarrel about huckleberries,--with the primitive swamps scattered here and there in their midst, but not prevailing over them, are the perfection of ... landscapes ... the natural consequence of what art and refinement we as a people have."

Wildness had then a place, but a limited place: "not only for strength, but for beauty, the poet must, from time to time, travel the logger's path and the Indian's trail; to drink at some new and more bracing fountain of the muses, far in the recesses of the wilderness."

The temptation is to stop here, as Norman Foerster stopped in his classic explanation of the of the essential humanism of Thoreau, and to explain that the poet must adventure into wildness when he seeks something new to say, though the essence of wildness is awful beyond comprehension, and though he must return to quiet Concord to record what he has discovered. But Thoreau did not stop there. He was forty when he made his last excursion into the wilderness of Maine, and this time he met Joe Polis, eight years older than he, and an enigma. Sometimes Thoreau thought he glimpsed in him traces of "beautiful simplicity" such as all Indians must have possessed before spoiled by the white man's incursion. At another time, he seemed "a wild man indeed" and "suddenly to have forsaken humanity" as he bent over the water to call a muskrat from its nest--but at the next moment, he was kneeling by the campfire to say his prayers as the white missionaries had taught him: "I have much to learn of the Indian," said Thoreau, "nothing of the missionary."

Joe Polis was not only a mystery; he was also a challenge, to be met, bested. In his simple but corrupted and therefore complicating character lay an answer to the essence and usefulness of wildness. I think Thoreau discovered something of that. The last journey to the Maine woods ended when Joe Polis was taken ill, and noisily ill: "like the Irish, he made a greater ado about his sickness than the Yankee does." The travellers returned to Oldtown, and then back to civilization. "This was the last I saw of Joe Polis," the book ends. "We took the last train and reached Bangor that night."

Was this simply a disappointed farewell to the wilderness, and to the mystery which Joe Polis signified? I think not. On this last trip to Maine, these virgin woods seemed not tenantless, "but choke-full," said Thoreau, "of honest spirits as good as myself any day." It was not "an empty chamber, in which chemistry was left to work alone, but an inhabited house," comfortable, comprehensible. As he travelled longer through it, Thoreau discovered that "Generally speaking, a howling wilderness does not howl; it is the imagination of the traveler that does the howling." The wilderness knew one law for all animate creatures: "the (wood) chopper fells trees from the same motive that the moose gnaws them--to get a living." He looked with envy then on the pioneer in these woods. "How much more wild and adventurous his life than that of the hunter in the Concord woods, who gets back to his house and mill-dam every night! Yet they in towns who have wild oats to sow commonly sow them on cultivated and comparatively exhausted grounds."

For Thoreau did learn from Joe Polis on this last excursion to the Maine woods. For one thing, as they approached their journey's end, he proved to the Indian that he, Thoreau -- the white man, the tenderfoot, not really a woodsman at all--could effectively paddle a canoe as well as the red man could. His manner of holding the paddle was different, and his stroke less practised, and he sat differently in the stern; but he made his way, even in the wilderness. And then wrote Thoreau, "as we drew near to Oldtown I asked Polis if he was not glad to be home again; but there was no relenting to

his wildness, and he said, 'It makes no difference to me where I am.'" He carried his wildness with him.

And that perhaps is what Thoreau discovered, that wildness is where you find it--not alone in the lifeless mountain top, nor in the animated forest, not the humanized woodlands around Concord: anywhere "the howling wilderness does not howl; is is the imagination of the traveler that does the howling. We shall not have much wilderness nor great refreshment in our walks this afternoon, we shall not have much wildness in our discussion tonight, unless we have brought it with us, unless we have learned also to look beyond Walden Pond and the Concord River and the woodlots and fields and swamps to something which we can howl about because it is in us, not them.

THOREAU AND THE WILDERNESS

Excerpts from a speech for the Thoreau Society by Howard Zahniser.

Among the observances of the centenary of Henry David Thoreau's death on May 6,1862, was a gathering in the Dumbarton Oaks park in the Nation's capital sponsored by the Secretary of the Interior and the Executive Secretary of The Wilderness Society, on May 11, 1962, and addressed also by Associate Justice William O. Douglas of the United States Supreme Court and the poet Robert Frost.

That morning The Washington Post set the tone of that Thoreau day in the Nation's Capital with a notable editorial entitled "Immortal Yankee." In the course of that editorial the Post said:

"The most fitting memorial to Thoreau on the centenary of his death would be the passage in Congress of the wilderness bill, designed to keep some of our land forever wild as a national treasure."

On June 26, 1962, Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, reported the Dumbarton Oaks gathering to the Senate. He reiterated the Post's commendation of the proposed legislation, and had printed at the conclusion of his remarks the Post's editorial and a full transcription of the introductory remarks of the Wilderness Society's executive secretary, the comments of Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall as master of the observance, and the remarks by Robert Frost and Justice Douglas.

Some six years earlier, on June 7, 1956, Senator Humphrey had first introduced to the Senate the wilderness legislation in a bill to establish a National Wilderness Preservation System.

Congressman Saylor on that occasion began with a tribute ot Henry Thoreau. He quoted Thoreau's plea in the closing pages of Walden: "We need the tonic of wilderness." He quoted also, of course, Thoreau's great question in the last paragraph of The Maine Woods's "Chesuncook" chapter: "Why should not we . . . have our national preserves . . . for inspiration and our own true recreation?"

It was this overwhelmingly-passed Senate Act, still pending in the House of Representatives, to which The Washington Post referred in its May 1, 1962, "Immortal Yankee" editorial, saying that its passage (by the House) would be "the most fitting memorial to Thoreau on the centenary of his death."

"Thoreau more than a hundred years ago asked for the preservation of wilderness areas for our own true recreation. He also urged a primitive forest for every town--and a committee to see that the beauty of the town received no detriment."

The text for our general discussion so far might well be that brave dictum in Thoreau's essay on "Walking:"

"In Wildness is the Preservation of the World."

For many years now that gnomic saying has appeared on the stationery of The Wilderness Society, advocating the urgency of the Society's concern and associating Thoreau with its cause.

Wildness and wilderness are common terms in their distinguishing nature, yet not synonymous, wildness a quality, wilderness an area of certain character. Today we can limit our explorations to wilderness, as the assignment would indicate, not venturing so broad a survey in subject matter as that essayed in our 1957 discussion on "Thoreau and the Preservation of Wildness."

Wildness is the essence of wilderness, yet wildness characterizes also that which is not wilderness, including many wildland areas that are not wilderness. Wildness is the quality of that which is fresh and independently vital, undomesticated, uncontrolled, though possibly close to and surrounded by man's civilization. The house cat in its indoor feline independence and its untrammeled caterwauling without maintains its essence of wildness. Wilderness is something more, yet not comprehensive of all wildness.

Wilderness, in contrast with those areas where man and his own works dominate the landscape, is an extensive area where the earth and its community of life are untrammeled by man, where man himself as present is a member of the natural community or a visitor who does not remain, whose travels leave only trails.

Although Thoreau knew many wild tracts in and about Concord, many areas of wildness, he knew the wilderness only when he reached the Maine Woods, and he knew then that he had not known it before.

On May 10, 1838, during a trip to Maine which I understand was made to see about school-teaching prospects, Thoreau traveled from Bangor to Oldtown and wrote in his journal:

"The railroad from Bangor to Oldtown is civilization shooting off in a tangent into the forest. I had much conversation with an old Indian at the latter place. . . . Pointing up the Penobscot, he observed, 'Two or three mile up the river one beautiful country!' and then, as if he would come as far to meet me as I had gone to meet him, he exclaimed, 'Ugh! one very hard time! But he had mistaken his man."

So close did Thoreau come to wilderness when he was not yet 21 years old. He was not, however, to enjoy "one very hard time" in this "one beautiful country" until some eight years later when he left his Walden hut, during his second summer there, for the trip to the Maine woods that he later described in his narrative "Ktaadn".

This first wilderness trip came in time, however, to exert an influence on his thinking and his writing. His account of it was published serially in five parts in the Union Magazine beginning with the July 1848 issue under the title, "Ktaadn, and the Maine Woods." Thus Thoreau's first wilderness narrative had its magazine publication before his first book, A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, was published, in 1849, and while "Ktaadn" was probably written after the Week and possibly even after the first version of Walden the wilderness trip may have had an influence on these works.

In any case both the Week and Walden include expressions of wilderness appreciation that have meant much to many readers. In the Week Thoreau wrote:

"The wilderness is near as well as dear to every man. Even the oldest villages are indebted to the border of wild wood which surrounds them, more than to the gardens of men. There is something indescribably inspiriting and beautiful in the aspect of the forest skirting and occasionally jutting into the midst of new towns, which, like the sand-heaps of fresh fox - burrows, have sprung up in their midst. The very uprightness of the pines and maples asserts the ancient rectitude and vigor of nature. Our lives need the relief of such a background, where the pine flourishes and the jay still screams."

In "The First Version of Walden", as presented in J. Lyndon Shanley's The Making of Walden with the Text of the First Version we read:

"Our village life would stagnate, I think, if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness,--to wade sometimes in meadows where only the bittern and the meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smell the whispering sedge where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground.

"At the same time that we are earnest to learn and explore all things, we require that all things should be mysterious and unexplorable by us that land and sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us. We can never have enough of nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast features and titanic--the sea coast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees,--the thunder cloud--and the rain that lasts 3 weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander."

Whether these and similar expressions from Walden and A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers were written after Thoreau knew the wilderness influence of the Maine woods, or not, they do reveal his intense awareness of the character, the essence, of wilderness and its importance in our culture.

Thoreau has been recognized in various ways--as writer, walker philosopher, moralist, poet-naturalist, conservationist, leader in wildlife appreciation and in wilderness preservation--but it seems clear that he studied most how best to live in the environment in which he found himself--the American environment that in so many ways is the environment in which we find ourselves a century later.

An important part of this environment was--and fortunately still is--the area of still unspoiled wilderness to visit and to know as still living. These Thoreau helped us to evaluate and to preserve.

"Those Maine woods," Thoreau realized and wrote, "differ essentially from ours. There you are never reminded that the wilderness from which you are threading is, after all, some villager's wood-lot, some widow's thirds, from which her ancestors have sledded fuel for generations," etc.

When Thoreau sensed in the Maine woods what the wilderness is, he also realized that, as he wrote, there had as yet been, as he said, "no adequate account of a primitive forest," and he began to provide one.

On a day when The Maine Woods is scheduled to be considered so particularly as it is today we need not quote from it as we might otherwise in a discussion of Thoreau and wilderness. We can note that Thoreau did in his accounts of his three wilderness excursions to Maine describe the wilderness he recognized. We can also note that he became aware of the wilderness resource of the United States. He wrote:

"I am reminded by my journey how exceedingly new this country still is. You have only to travel for a few days into the interior and back parts even of many of the old States, to come to that

very America which the Northmen, and Cabot, and Gosnold, and Smith, and Raleigh visited. If Columbus was the first to discover the islands, Americus Vespucius and Cabot, and the Puritans, and we their descendants, have discovered only the shores of America. While the Republic has already acquired a history world-wide, America is still unsettled and unexplored.. ...The very timber and boards and shingles of which our houses are made grew but yesterday in a wilderness...New York has her wilderness within her own borders; and though the sailors of Europe are familiar with the soundings of her Hudson....an Indian is still necessary to guide her scientific men to its headwaters in the Adirondack country."

Well, the Indian's presence (or absence) is a different thing in our world. The wilderness of which we are conscious has much of its area in our West and Alaska. Yet to a great extent we still share Thoreau's satisfying realization that we do still have a chance to preserve some of that wilderness.

FORTHCOMING THOREAU PUBLICATIONS

Many publications of interest to Thoreau students will be coming off the presses in the next few months. As soon as they are available, we are planning to review them in these pages, but meanwhile members may want to acquire early copies. Among these are Eliot Porter's IN WILDNESS IS THE PRESERVATION OF THE WORLD which will include 72 color photographs of scenes familiar to Thoreau with facing text from his writings and an introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch, to be published by the Sierra Club (Mills Tower, San Francisco 4, Calif.), price before Nov. 1, 1962, $20; after, $25. Also Twayne will publish THE VARIORUM WALDEN, edited by Walter Harding; Wayne State University Press, Leo Stoller's edition of Thoreau's contributions to the DIAL plus his uncollected essay "The Service"; Crowell, Milton Meltzer and Walter Harding's A THOREAU PROFILE, a pictorial biography of Thoreau; Collier Books, a biographical and critical volume on Thoreau by Granville Hicks; Dover Publications, a new edition of the complete Thoreau Journal with foreword by Walter Harding; Dodd, Mead, an anthology of Thoreau's thoughts edited by Edwin Way Teale; Twayne, THE RIVER, selections from Thoreau edited by Dudley C. Lunt; Shelley, A STUDY GUIDE TO WALDEN, edited by Walter Harding; and Holt, Rinehart & Winston, a new edition of A WEEK edited by Walter Harding.

A DETROIT THOREAU CENTENNIAL

On Wednesday October 17, Wayne State University in Detroit, Michigan, will conduct a centennial observation of the 100th anniversary of the death of Thoreau. In the afternoon there will be a panel discussion of WALDEN led by Professor Russell Nye of Michigan State University. In the evening Walter Harding will speak on "The Influence of Thoreau's 'Civil Disobedience." These meetings will be held on the McGregor Building on the campus. There will also be a Thoreau exhibition in the university library for the month of October.

On Tuesday October 16 the Friends of Detroit Public Library will sponsor a meeting at which Walter Harding will speak on WALDEN.

Inquiries about the meetings should be addressed to Prof. Leo Stoller, English Dept., Wayne State University, Detroit.

NOTES AND QUERIES

The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston sponsored an advertisement in the September 8, 1962 SATURDAY EVENING POST devoted to Thoreau. Special copies of this tribute to Thoreau are being mailed out to all members of the Thoreau Society, courtesy of Mr. Peter Benton of the John Hancock Co. Your secretary will have extra copies on hand in case any members are overlooked in the mailing. Just drop him a line if you want one.

Your secretary wishes to apologize for the fact that his correspondence has been sadly neglected this past summer. He has been away from Geneseo for three months on a 10,000 mile trip. Mail forwarding was necessarily sporadic. To make matters worse, the demand for the photographs of Thoreau announced in the spring bulletin was so great that the supply was completely exhausted. A new supply has been ordered and he hopes to catch up on all orders and letters by the time this bulletin is in the mails.

Enclosed with this mailing of the bulletin is a special reprint of the "Words to Live By" page of THIS WEEK MAGAZINE for June 17, 1962, devoted to Thoreau's newly discovered poem "Sic Vita" (here called "Summer Day"). We are indebted to Mr. Charles Feinberg of Detroit, Michigan, owner of the manuscript, and Mr. William Nichols, editor of the magazine, for providing us with these special copies.

Among the many libraries holding special Thoreau exhibitions this year commemorating the centennial of Thoreau's death are the Cleveland (Ohio) Public Library, the Berkeley Heights (N.J.) Public Library, the Worcester (Mass.) Free Public Library, the Rutherford (N.J.) Public Library, the Harvard College Library.

We are grieved to announce the death on June 4, 1962, of Dr. Fred S. Piper at his home in Carlisle, Mass., at the age of 94. Dr. Piper was the first vice-president of the Thoreau Society and so long as his health permitted him, a regular attender of our society's annual meetings. In 1961 he gave to the Cary Memorial Library of Lexington, Mass., his superb collection of 230 books devoted to Thoreau.

Three hundred copies of A CENTENARY COMMEMORATION, the program for the centenary meeting on May 5, 1962 at the Morgan Library, were distributed by the Thoreau Society and the United States Information Agency to USIS and Binational Centers around the globe.

The Canadian Broadcasting Company gave five readings from Thoreau's A YANKEE IN CANADA on their Trans-Canada Matinee from 2 to 3 p.m. on June 25 to 29.

ANTIQUES MAGAZINE for July, 1961, includes a photograph of a painting by Childe Hassam entitled "Walden Pond,1890."

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